

America was organized, application was made to Congress for the charter. In the debate, a member of Congress facetiously remarked, that the proposed charter seemed to be a bill for the export of religion, to which he was decidedly opposed on the ground that he had none to spare. Another member replied that religion was a commodity of such a nature that the more we sent abroad, the more we had left at home. That is exactly the case and statistical information is not wanting which goes to show that in all respects those are the most prosperous local churches who regularly make the most liberal contributions to the great cause of missions, either home or foreign.

It is most gratifying to note that within the last year the several District or State conferences have organized more perfectly their missionary forces, and have laid broad and deep the foundation for more permanent and efficient home work, while the National Conference has taken steps that look to the planting of our missionary enterprises in some foreign field. At home we now have missions or regularly organized churches or both, in Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburg, Dayton, Chicago, and in such places as Goshen, Indiana, Altoona, and Allentown, Pa., South Bend, Waterloo, Mansfield, and other points of like importance. All this shows most commendable progress, and the church has every reason to feel encouraged, to thank God, take courage, and move forward. But we should not forget that the only true and enduring foundation for our missionary work must be laid in the hearts of our membership, and in that spirit of self-denial and self-sacrifice which is the very essence of the gospel, and that spirit of Christ, which unless we have, "we are none of his." Have our pastors earnestly and perseveringly sought to cultivate this spirit? If not, have they done or left undone their most important duty? And last, but not least, what will the Master say?

Mary: Religion in Beauty

Religion has its planting, its springing up, its first tender blade, its stalk, its bloom, and its fruitage. The finger of God is in it all, and the power of the Holy Spirit broods over every miraculous stage of this wonderful evolution. It is the flowering of the heavenly plant that the touch of the divine Artist is seen. He who painted the rainbow, who spread upon the wide canvass of the sky the beauty of the dawn and the glory of the dying day, who made the great dome of the night magnificent with stars, who arrayed the rose and the violet and the chrysanthemum with celestial splendors, painted also upon the canvass of the soul the transcendent bloom of spiritual beauty, and set the Marys and the Hannahs in the galleries of sacred history to show how grace can irradiate this earthly mold with heavenly beauty.

This maiden of Bethany who listened, unconscious of all else, to the wonderful words of the Master; who drank into her soul-thirst the tender sympathy of his wisdom, and feasted her soul hunger upon the luxury of heavenly love; who in sweet humility sat at his feet that she might look into his face, as the flower looks up into the sun; who in silent

and forgiving patience endured the mistaken reproaches of her busy sister, who at another time poured out her whole soul in that abandonment of devotion of which the fragrance of the costly spikenard was but a symbol; who less of the earth than all others stood farther heavenward to first welcome the risen Lord; this purest, most unworldly, most angelic of womankind, illuminates the beginnings of this heavenly Gospel among men, to show that love and grace, though sown in agony and tears, shall even from this earthly mold spring resplendent toward the sky, and bloom under the heavens, and in the heavens, before admiring angels. There is no beauty like the beauty of character, of love, of purity, of humility, of patience, of faith.

How He Gained the Victory

Billy Gray, in his sermon on temptation, gives a good illustration of how he overcame temptation and won a victory. He says: "Friends, last week I was diggin' up my 'tators. It was a poor yield, sure 'nough: there was hardly a sound one in the lot. An' while I was a diggin' the devil comes to me, and he says: Billy, do you think your Father do love you? I should reckon he do, says I. Well, I don't, says the tempter, in a minute. If I'd thought about it I shouldn't ha' listened to him, for his 'pinions been't worth the leastest bit o' notice. I don't said he, and I tell ye what for. If your Father loved you, Billy Gray, he'd give you a pretty yield o' 'tators, so much as ever you do want, and ever so many of 'em, and every one of 'em as big as your fist. For it been't no trouble for your Father to do anything; and he could just as easy give you plenty as not. An' if he loved you he would too. O' course I wasn't going to let him talk o' my Father like that; so I turned 'pon him. Pray sir, says I, who may you happen to me, comin' to me a talkin' like this, here? If I been't mistaken, I know you, sir, and I know my Father too. And to think o' your comin' a sayin' he don't love me! Why, I've got your written character home to my house, and it do say, sir, that you are a liar, from the beginnin'. And I am sorry to add, that I used to have a personal acquaintance with you some years since, and I served you faithful as any poor wretch could; and all you gave me was nothin' but rags to my back, and a wretched home and an achin' head-an' no 'tators, and the fear o' hell fire to finish with. And here is my dear Father in heaven. I've been a poor servant of his off and on for thirty years. And he's given me a clean heart, and a soul full of joy, and a lovely suit o' whites as'll never wear out, and he says he will make a king o' me before he've done, and that he will take me home to his palace to reign with him forever and ever. And now you come up here a-talkin' like that! Bless'ee, my dear friends, he went off in a minute, like as if he'd been shot—I do wish he had—and he never had the manners to say good mornin'."

It may be regarded as rather an awkward and rude way of putting it, but the story is not without a lesson which many a poor Christian has not yet learned.

Pastors and people will please remember November 24, or if more convenient Thanksgiving day, November 28, and urge large and liberal contributions for the payment or partial payment of the Chicago church property.